The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. SOULE.

"May I go on the common to play? I've been a good girl to-day," warbled the dear little pet, Isabel Lee, in a voice that was sweet as the song of a bird at sunlight; and up and down the stairs she went, singing her childish ditty, and searching eagerly for her mother that she might obtain the desired permission.

"Say yes, do now, that's a dear, good mother!" she exclaimed, when at length she found herself in the arms of the loved one. "Miss Jane says I've been a *very* good girl, in deed; and she says, too, that air and play will do me much good. And there's no place in all the world where I love so well to play as on that dear old common of ours. I call it our little country, mother, 'cause there are no houses there—nothing but grass and trees and water."

"And birdlings from human nests," said the mother, as she lovingly kissed the darling.—"Yes, you may go, but mind and not play too hard, and be sure, Bell, to go home before dinner is ready."

Merrily then pattered the slippered feet after bonnet and cape and hoop—and merrily sang the happy voice:

"I may go on the common to play,—
I guess I'll be good then every day."

Very demurely did the little girl pace the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare; but O how lightly and joyously she bounded down the stone steps. And once on the gravelled path, with God's green grass beside her—His noble trees arching above her—His free, glad sunshine quivering on their tops, dancing through their interlaced boughs—here mottling the soft turf, and there bathing it in a golden tide. Once beside the mimic lake, with its leaping, laughing, musical fountain—once out in that "little country," and Isabel, happiest of the happy, flitted through the long walks, with a step that seemed almost winged, so fleet, so airy was its tread; while her voice rang now in childish glee, and again in birdlike songs; and her pulse beating with quickened life, sent fresh, bright hues to the delicate cheek, gave an added lustre to the brilliant eye, a warm, glad gush to the panting heart, and a thrill of joy to the imprisoned soul. Out on the common she might be what God meant she should be while her years were young—a child, a romping, wild, frolicsome child; and gathering in her buoyant sport that strength so needed in the life to come—the vigor which shields the heart from muffled notes. She rolled her hoop; she tossed her velvet ball; she "skipped and hopped to the barber's shop;" she made friends with the little girls who romped beside her, and lent them her hoop while she jumped their rope; she watched the little boys launch their boats, smiled with them when they bore a gallant sail, and spoke a comforting word when they met with a saddening wreck; she played with the babies—gladdened the heart of the weary nurses with a kind and loving word; and then, fairly tired out, wandered away from the noisy group.

"I wont go home quite yet," said she. "I'll get rested first. Yes, I'll find me a nice, cool, shady place, and sit down and think awhile. Mother says it does little girls good to think;" and so she tripped away in search of a musing spot.

But suddenly her steps were arrested; the light faded from her joyous eye; the song died on her lip. There, on the green turf beside her, the midsummer sun pouring its torrid rays upon her upturned face, buried in what seemed deathlike slumber, lay a man in the prime of life. Tattered and torn were his garments, a battered hat beside him, a broken bottle clenched in the right hand, a blotted paper in his left hand.

"The poor, sick man!" said the wondering child, "out here in the hot sun asleep. It's too bad, too bad. How sorry his folks would be if they only knew where he was. He must have been going to the doctor's, for he has a bottle and a paper, and I guess he was so weak he couldn't get there, and fell down. The poor, sick man—how I wish I could make him well."

She looked awhile, and then hesitating approached him, and sat down by his side. She took out her handkerchief and wiped away the great drops that had gathered on his brow, and then fanned him with that soft, delicate motion which we give to the dying friend. And all the time tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she was wailing with a hushed voice but sobbing heart over his lonely lot. She was wondering if he had a wife and little children, and if they knew how sick he was; and she wished he would wake up and tell her where they lived, that she might bring them there.

A long while she sat there, a patient watcher. Only once she ceased the cooling breeze,—it was to fold her little hands as she had been taught, and breathe over him a childish prayer. That prayer! the angels hushed their harps to listen, and "there was joy in heaven."

At length the sick man turned and tossed, as though his sleep was mostly over. "Poor man!" said his little nurse,—"poor man, you'll be sore and stiff, I'm afraid, sleeping so long on the ground when it rained only last night. Poor man, how sorry I am for you." But now her little cheek is laid close to his bloated face, for his lips murmur, and she would hear his words. Broken, indistinct ones they are at first, but then audible and pleading.

"Just one glass more—one, one, only one. I'm dying for it—give, give, one more—only one!"

"He's begging for water," sobbed she, as she raised her damp face. "He's dreaming, and thinks they wont give it to him. Oh, if I only had some; it's so hard to want a drink of water and not to have it."

Here her eye rested on the broken bottle, and a happy thought struck her. She carefully unclasped his hand, seized the dark glass and hastened to the pond. "It will hold some; it will be better than none," said she, as she dipped it in and bore away the cooling, life-giving draught. She poured a few drops on his parched lips, and then laved his hot forehead and burning cheeks. That water—that dew of human love—dripped through his life-pores and down to his very soul. It broke the stupor that palsied his nerves. He opened his heavy eyelids and gazed first vacantly, then wonderingly about him.

"Do you feel any better?" whispered the little girl, in tones low and sweet as the cradle-hymn of a mother; "do you feel any better? I'm sorry for you."

"Better, better," murmured he, "yes, I feel better. But where am I? What am I? I lay down in hell, a devil trampling on me, and I wake up in heaven an angel watching over me. Aint you an angel? Aint I in heaven?" And he seized her hand convulsively.

"Don't say such naughty words," said she; "don't, sir, you scare me. No, I aint an angel, nor you aint in heaven. You are out here on the common. I found you asleep in the sun, and I was so sorry for you I sat down and took care of you. I am nothing but a little girl. Shall I give you some more water?" and she held the broken bottle to his lips.

"Water! water! yes, give me some. Water from an angel's hand may save my soul." And he drank, and then sat up and looked around, and at the little one beside him.

"Little angel, little angel," said he, "there is hope for me yet—hope for me. Heaven sent you to save me. Bless you! bless you, little angel!"

"But I aint an angel," said she, artlessly. "I am only a little girl. Feel of my hand; you couldn't touch me if I was an angel. And see, I haint got any wings either."

But he only said, "Little angel, little," and laid his head in her lap and wept.

"Poor man," said she, as she bathed his hot temples and flushed cheeks; poor, sick man, I'm so sorry for you. Haint you got any home?"

He answered not, but only sobbed the louder. By-and-by he looked up and said to the pitying child, "Little angel, can you pray?"

"Yes, sir, I can. I prayed for you while you was asleep."

"Pray again—pray aloud—let me hear you." And she knelt beside him, clasped her hands and prayed, "Our Father, which art in heaven." When she had ceased he laid his head again upon her lap and sobbed.

"Shan't I go and find your folks for you, poor man?" asked she; "it's getting late, and I must go home soon."

"Take me to them, little angel—take me to them!" and he seized her hand and led her away out of that beautiful green spot, and across several streets, and down into a dark, gloomy, cellar home.

A pale, haggard looking woman, with a little purple babe on her lap, sat on a rickety chair, the only one in the room, close to the little window, stitching as fast as her fingers could fly. On a straw bed in the corner lay two other little ones, tossing in fever fits, while a boy of Isabel's age was crouched beside them dying. "O I'm so hungry! I'm so hungry!"

"Thank God! you've come back at last, William," said the woman as they entered.

"Thank God! I've been brought back," said the man with a choked voice. "And here is the little angel that brought me, and saved me. Bless her! Mary bless her!" and he led the half-scared child to the knees of the wondering wife.

"I aint a little angel," said she. "I'm only a little girl—and I saw him sick and asleep out in the sun, and I fanned him, and brought him some water and took care of him Weren't you worried about him, so sick?"

"Yes, so sick—so sick," said the man. "And when they ask you what ailed me, tell them I was sin-sick, sin-sick. Go home now, little angel; go back to heaven; you've made me well."

With fleet steps Isabel ran off and reached her home, all out of breath, just as her father was descending the steps in search of her.

"O father! father!" she exclaimed, "come into the house quick, quick; I want to tell you something. And she heeded not the many questions showered upon her by her worried parents till she had told her story.

"And O, father! O, mother! if you could have seen where he lived. A poor sick man down in a cellar; only think—a damp cellar for a sick man, and nothing but a bed of straw, and two little sick children and one boy crying for something to eat, and a little baby that was half starved; and such a poor, sick looking wife, and only one chair. O, the poor folks!

"And he would have it that I was a little angel—and he told his wife so. But I told him I wasn't, and I told her so; I was only a little girl. But she kissed me over and over again, and said I was a little angel. *Do I look like an angel*, mother?" Do let me see, and she ran to a mirror. "Why, no; I look just like what I am, a little girl. What made them call me an angel? Do you know, father? do you know, mother?" But they only clasped her in their arms and said "little angel, little angel."

In the parlor of Mr. W. there hangs an exquisite painting—a little girl is kneeling on the turf, her eyes raised to heaven, and her hands clasped in prayer.

"Is it a portrait?" asked a friend, after gazing long and earnestly upon it. For none can look without emotion upon that pictured face.

"It is."

"May I ask of whom?" and he turned to his host—but was surprised to see the great tears rolling down his cheeks.

"That is the little angel," said a bright-eyed boy who stood beside him. "Father always calls it so."

"And I call it so rightly," said the father solemnly. "She was a little angel—the angel that made me a man again. That made your mother a happy wife; and you, a little, puny, sickly babe, the bright, glad boy you are."

Yes, thou wert an angel, sweet Isabel. In heaven thou art the little angel still.

For the Spiritual Age.

SUNRISE.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

Glory to God! to God on high!
The heavens are opened upon earth,
And to our thrones by right of birth
We walk with level foot and eye!
The hand which fell back cold from ours
Has clasped it with a lightning thrill;
And eyes we drenched in brackish showers
Flash life and beauty round us still.

Glory to God! we live and love!
And they who loved us live with us;
The tomb-walls grow diaphanous—
New visions of new life to give.
The aspirations of the wise
Have lifted up our souls to them
Who walk in white the soundless skies
With healing in their garments' hem.

We go to them; they come not down;
The resurrection of the just
Breaks not the seal of "dust to dust;"
But heart to heart leaps so to crown
True love with amaranth, and make one
The soul in clay with souls above,
Whose immortality is begun
With the first throb of human love.

New-born to everlasting youth,
They flash back love to love's desire,
From Pentacostal tongues of fire,
And light the world with living truth.
Old Doubt, the tyrant of the dark,
Even on his throne of mortal sense
Falls headlong, stricken, dumb and stark,
Before the lightning Evidence.

Glory to God! they live and love;
Their heaven is round us everywhere,
In holy deeds of more than prayer,
And words that work, and thoughts that move!
Its hallowed anthems never cease,—
The chime of answering heart to heart;
Its wreathed arms of joy and peace,—
Life's silver cord,—shall never part.

On steeps where baffled Science reels,
Dazed with her own electric sun,
The simple heart sees day begun,
And all its glowing beauty feels.
He walks in radiance of the blaze,
Not staring at the naked light,
While they who on its splendor gaze
Grow blind and mutter, "All is night!"

An angel speaks from every tomb,
"He is not here, for he has risen!"
And suddenly the hot tears glisten
With glory, streaming down the gloom,—
The glory of the deathless soul,
Whose very heaven is human love,
Our golden crown and aureole,
That in the world is still above.

Oh, better than the eternal jar
Of harp and trumpet pealing loud,
That shake the God-throne's glory-cloud
With hallelujah's rolling far,
Is human love to human hearts,
In the low-breathed accustomed tone,
The simple word which still imparts
The old cheer from the new life's gone.

The franchise of that realm is ours
Not now by faith, but very sense;
We see, and hear, and feel, the intense
Communion of etherial powers.
Pure hearts from either world may sing,
With notes of triumph pealing high,
"Oh conquered Death, where is thy sting?
Oh Grave, where is thy victory?"

It is idle to adduce proofs of that which is self-evident.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

The reason for the long subjection of woman has been simply that humanity was passing through its first epoch, and her full career was to be reserved for the second. As the different races of man have appeared successively upon the stage of history, so there has been an order of succession of the sexes. Woman's appointed era, like that of the Scandinavian tribes, was delayed, but not omitted. It is not merely true that the empire of the past has belonged to man, but that it has properly belonged to him; for it was an empire of the muscles, enlisting at best but the lower powers of the understanding. There can be no question that the present epoch is initiating an empire of the higher reason, of arts, affections, aspirations; and for that epoch the genius of woman has been reserved. The spirit of the age has always kept pace with the facts, and outstripped the statutes. Till the fullness of time came, woman was necessarily kept a slave to the spinning-wheel and the needle; now higher work is ready, peace has brought invention to her aid, and the mechanical means for her emancipation are ready also. No use in releasing her, till man, with his strong arm, had worked out his preliminary share in civilization. "Earth waits for her queen," was a favorite motto of Margaret Fuller's; but it would be more correct to say that the queen has waited for her earth, till it could be smoothed and prepared for her occupancy. Now Cinderella may begin to think of putting on her royal robes. * * * * *

But in view of the rapid changes now going on, he is a rash man who asserts the "Woman Question" to be anything but a mere question of time. The fulcrum has been already given, in the alphabet, and we must simply watch and see whether the earth does not move. * * * We only point out the plain fact: woman must be either a subject or an equal; there is no other permanent ground. Every concession to a supposed principle only involves the necessity of the next concession for which that principle calls. Once yield the alphabet, and we abandon the whole long theory of subjection and coverture; the past is set aside, and we have nothing but abstractions to fall back upon. Reasoning abstractly, it must be admitted that the argument has been, thus far, entirely on the women's side, inasmuch as no man has yet seriously tried to meet them with argument. It is an alarming feature of this discussion, that it has reversed, very generally, the traditional positions of the sexes; the women have had all the logic; and the most intelligent men, when they have attempted the other side, have limited themselves to satire and gossip. What rational woman, we ask, can be convinced by the nonsense which is talked in ordinary society around her,—as, that it is right to admit girls to common schools, and equally right to exclude them from colleges,—that it is proper for a woman to sing in public, but indelicate for her to speak in public,—that a post-office box is an unexceptionable place to drop a bit of paper into, but a ballot-box terribly dangerous? No cause in the world can keep above water, sustained by such contradictions as these, too feeble and slight to be dignified by the name of fallacies. Some persons profess to think it impossible to reason with a woman, and they certainly show no disposition to try the experiment.

But we must remember that all our American institutions are based on consistency, or on nothing; all claim to be founded on the principles of natural right, and when they quit those they are lost. In all European monarchies, it is the theory, that the mass of the people are children, to be governed, not mature beings, to govern themselves. This is clearly stated, and consistently applied. In the free States of this Union, we have formally abandoned this theory for one half of the human race, while for the other half it still flourishes in full force. The moment the claims of woman are broached, the democrat becomes a monarchist. What Americans commonly criticize in English statesmen, namely, that they habitually evade all arguments based on natural right, and defend every legal wrong on the ground that it works well in practice, is the precise characteristic of our habitual view of woman. The perplexity must be resolved somehow. We seldom meet a legislator who pretends to deny that strict adherence to our own principles would place both sexes in precisely equal positions before law and constitution, as well as in school and society. But each has his special quibble to apply, showing that in this case we must abandon all the general maxims to which we have pledged ourselves, and hold only by precedent. Nay, he construes even precedent with the most ingenious rigor; since the exclusion of women from all direct contact with affairs can be made far more perfect in a republic than is possible in a monarchy, where even sex is merged in rank, and the female patrician may have far more power than the male plebein. But, as matters now stand among us, there is no aristocracy but of sex; all men are born patrician, all women are legally plebeian; all men are equal in having political power, and all women in having none. This is a paradox so evident, and such an anomaly in human progress, that it cannot last forever, without new discoveries in logic, or else a deliberate return to M. Marechal's theory concerning the alphabet.

Meanwhile, as the newspapers say, we anxiously await further developments. According to present appearances, the final adjustment lies mainly in the hands of women themselves. Men can hardly be expected to concede either rights or privileges more rapidly than they are claimed, or to be truer to women than women are to each other. True, the worst effect of a condition of inferiority is the weakness it leaves behind it; even when we say, "Hands off!" the sufferer does not rise. In such a case, there is but one counsel worth giving. More depends on determination than even on ability. Will, not talent, governs the world. From what pathway of eminence were women more traditionally excluded than from the art of sculpture?—yet Harriet Hosmer, in eight years, has trod its full ascent. Who believed that a poetess could ever be more than an Annot Lyle of the harp, to soothe with sweet melodies the leisure of her lord, until in Elizabeth Barrett's hands the thing became a trumpet? Where are gone the sneers with which army surgeons and parliamentary orators opposed Mr. Sidney Herbert's first proposition to send Florence Nightingale to the Crimea? In how many towns has the current of popular prejudice against female orators been reversed by one winning speech from Lucy Stone! Where no logic can prevail, success silences. First give woman, if you dare, the alphabet, then summon her to her career; and though men, ignorant and prejudiced, may oppose its beginnings, there is no danger but they will at last fling around her conquering footsteps more lavish praises than ever greeted the opera's idol,—more perfumed flowers than ever wooed, with intoxicating fragrance, the fairest butterfly of the ball-room.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HUMAN MAGNETISM.

"Do you believe in such nonsense as that?" some Mr. Slow may ask. We can say to such, Good friend, it has got beyond mere belief—it is now a confirmed fact. Do you see that limb?—'tis a well enough member now, but weeks ago it was inflamed and angry and painful, till a man came and placed his hand upon it and his manipulations freed it from pain as a good wife might free a skein of silk that had become snarled. Do you remember the man that was restored to sight, who said that he did not know how it was done, but that he had been blind, and now he saw? We know as little about this mysterious power that wrought this small miracle in our own case, content in the glad consciousness of restored health, that it is so. The world is full of such cases as this, and this magnetism enters into everything in life. Why is it that one man's touch upon the shoulder—always excepting a sheriff's—should give one a cold chill, while another's should give him a glow like a cordial? The secret of attraction and repulsion lies in this—the magnetism must mingle.

We have heard people say, regarding a physician, that his entering a room did them good. Its seems hyperbolical, but it was undoubtedly the case. So of clergymen. Though one talk with the tongue of men and angels, intellectually, unless it be commended with a spirit of magnetic sympathy, all is for nothing. For ourselves, in the depth of a sorrow as deep as man may know, the open door that revealed the smile of one that seemed heaven-sent, made sadness a joy, and with no expression beyond the look that gave full assurance of heart-felt sympathy, grief assumed a new guise and submission became a willing offering. Enter a street where one may chance to meet such a man, and his presence may be felt in it. Some men become godlike, and almost work miracles in our midst. Here they by little more than raising a finger, still the waves of strife: here by a look shed sunshine where before was darkness; here by a word sustain the struggling and lift up the desponding.

There is, by some, a merit imputed to this magnetic quality that extends even to the compounding of medicines, the making of bread, or the sowing of seed,—remembering that there may be bad magnetisms as well as good, and that the quality one deals with has its peculiar influence. This may explain many of the phenomena of luck, where, under what appear to be the same circumstances, different results attend upon different parties, beginning with Cain and Abel and ending with the experience of to-day, where, with many, everything turns to gold in the form of success, and with many the opposite. This little chapter may give another argument against fatalism, that some are disposed to believe in.—*B. P. Shillaber.*

DIFFICULTIES.—Wait not for your difficulties to cease; there is no soldier's glory to be won on peaceful fields, no sailor's daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no pains, no irritations, no difficulties. The highly-favored are they who amid tribulations are patient, amid rebuffs are meek, amid chastisements are resigned, amid pains are courageous, amid provocations are gentle, amid enemies are full of love, amid doubts hold fast the faith, amid sorrows find joy in God.

Could you hear in what manner one speaks to the poor and despised, when he thinks himself unobserved, you might form a judgment of his character.—*Lavater.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

STATISTICS OF INSANITY.

The perpetually repeated falsehood that Spiritualism is filling our Insane Asylums with miserable victims, induces us to present the following statistics collected from the annual reports of several Lunatic Hospitals for the last year.

The Superintendent of the Hospital at Worcester, Mass., reports 307 patients admitted during the year. The principal "supposed" causes of insanity were—General ill health, 54 cases; specific diseases, 28; domestic trouble, 11; intemperance, 13; masturbation, 4; jealousy, 4; fear of poverty, 3; Spiritualism, 2; religious causes, none.

At the same Hospital, during the twenty-five years that it has been in operation, the records foot up thus: Ill health, 656: domestic trouble, 389; intemperance, 472; masturbation, 260; jealousy, 40; fear of poverty, 39; pecuniary difficulties and losses, 139; disappointment in love, 98; excess of labor, 79; excessive study, 31; Spiritualism, 25; religious causes, 299; etc., etc.

The Hospital at Taunton, Mass., reports "supposed" causes in 1858, as follows:—Ill health, 39 cases; intemperance, 36; masturbation, 21; domestic trouble, 10; religious excitement, 9; childbirth, 8; pecuniary trouble, 4; Spiritualism, 3; hard work, 2; whole number of patients admitted, 223.

The same Institution, for five years, gives the following totals:—Ill health, 192; intemperance, 149; masturbation, 77; religious excitement, 46; domestic trouble, 62; childbirth, 37; pecuniary trouble, 37; Spiritualism, 15; hard work, 13; hard study, 5; love affairs, 8; whole no., 1,112.

The Hospital at Northampton, Mass., which has been open but a few months, reports 228 patients, with the "supposed" causes in 44 cases, of which the following are the principal:—Intemperance, 8; epilepsy, 5; ill health, 4; disappointment in love, 3; pecuniary embarrassment, 2; hard study, 2; family troubles, 2; religious excitement, 1; Spiritualism, 1.

It will thus be perceived that in the three State Hospitals of Massachusetts, Spiritualism has been "supposed" to furnish but 6 cases the past year, while "religious excitement" has the credit of 10.

The report of the State Insane Asylum in Maine gives the following figures:—Number of patients admitted during the last year, 126.—Principal causes assigned—Ill health, 28; religious excitement, 11; Spiritualism, 3; domestic troubles, 11; intemperance, 8; over-exertion, 7; masturbation, 5; disappointed affection, 3; business, 2.

It will be noted that the Worcester Hospital report, contrary to previous general usage, assigns no cases during the last year to *religious* causes. The explanation of this is probably to be found in a new discovery which appears to have dawned upon the mind of the Superintendent, Dr. Bemis. In discussing the causes of insanity, this gentleman says:

"We believe that the number of persons made insane by the influence of religious hopes and fears has been greatly over-stated. The insane mind is frequently occupied by delusions of a religious nature, when it is well known that the cause of its derangement has no connection with feelings or impressions relating to a future state of existence. No richer or wider field than the invisible world, can be offered to the gloomy misanthrope whose mind is already diseased, none his imagination will be more apt to choose to wander in and dwell on, when the whole origin of his derangement may have been nothing more than the influence of dyspepsia or some trivial reverse of fortune."

It has long been our own opinion that physical disease, in some form, lies at the basis of most cases of mental derangement—though it can hardly be denied that some religious beliefs have in themselves a tendency to destroy both mental and bodily soundness. But surely the Dr.'s argument will apply with much greater force to the alleged influence of Spiritualism; and we trust he will advance in liberality sufficiently to see it by another year. There is nothing in the belief concerning the future state generally held by Spiritualists to lead to such a disastrous result as the overthrow of reason, but everything to the contrary. And we doubt if a single case of insanity has ever occurred among them which might not be traced directly to either physical disease or constitutional predisposition.

Dr. Bemis confesses that "little is known respecting the causes of insanity." This is doubtless very true, at least among professors of so-called "medical science" at large, and Superintendents of Lunatic Hospitals in particular. A statement once made to us by Dr. Bell, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum, near Boston—and one of the most intelligent and competent physicians devoted to this specialty in the Union—indicates the degree of reliance that can be placed upon their *suppositious* statistics. He said that in assigning causes of derangement, it is usual for Hospital Superintendents to be guided by either the particular topic the patient's mind happens to run upon, or by the conjectures of friends and relatives. Both of these he had found to be very unreliable; for often the subject occupying the patient's mind is one taken up after the disease has commenced, and not unfrequently his friends are influenced by an ill-founded prejudice against the particular form of belief singled out. He therefore regarded these statistics of "supposed causes" as of very little worth,—and with good reason. But if worth anything, they tell with much greater force against the popular religion than against Spiritualism. We will add that a careful study of mental and psychical phenomena, as exhibited in connection with modern Spiritualism, would, in our opinion, tend greatly to enlighten the medical profession generally in relation to both the causes and nature of insanity, and the means of its cure.

Dr. Bemis very justly specifies the artificial forcing process now so prevalent in the education of the young, as among the prominent causes of mental disease and decay. Dr. Choate, of Taunton, intimates a similar opinion, and earnestly protests against the practice of confining children in school for the period usually required by our common school system. We trust these warnings will be duly heeded; for nothing is more obvious than that in the matter of physical and physiological ular school system is disastrously defective.

Dr. Choate also points out another cause which is prolific of both bodily and mental disease. We quote:

"The strife which is going on constantly, particularly in the less fortunate ranks of life, to better their condition and raise their social position, and the great effort which is constantly being made among a large class to keep up appearances under straitened circumstances, giving rise to a permanently anxious state of mind and to long-continued over-tasking of the bodily powers, operates powerfully in our country in producing a state of mind to be easily disturbed by what would otherwise be slight and inefficient as a cause of disease. And this cause acts with special force among the female sex."

How this is to be remedied, under our present competitive civilization—how, indeed, it is to be stayed from growing yearly worse and worse—does not appear. Ought not this consideration to force upon every thoughtful mind the necessity of social re-organization—of such institutions as shall secure fraternal co-operation and a universal providence, in place of the present jargon of isolated and conflicting interests?

An Unfortunate Shot.

A war-like craft which cruises the sea of literature, under the formidable name of the "Line-of-Battle-Ship," attempts to discharge a gun at Spiritualism, but its engineer makes a miserable bungle, and only burns his own fingers, as follows:

"Judson Hutchinson, who committed suicide on the 11th instant, in Lynn, Mass., was a victim to his spiritualistic views, or shall we ascribe it to the well-known tendency of comedians to terminate their lives by their own act? He was the 'Yorick,' it will be remembered, of that eccentric family of popular singers—the Hutchinsons—a fellow of infinite jest, but withal a worthy, good-hearted man. Probably he died under the firm conviction that he should still be with his surviving friends, *in spirit*, but with a far wider range of vision and larger capacity for enjoying, on earth no less than in heaven, the purely intellectual and spiritual faculties of his nature; a theory which we regard as the most lamentable and fatal delusion of the times."

The well-known and inherited eccentricity of Mr. Hutchinson is quite sufficient to account for his melancholy self-destruction, without any reference to his spiritualistic views. No intelligent and sane Spiritualist can ever commit suicide; for the reason that he knows the impious act must necessarily debar him from the condition of happiness which all desire in the future life. The theory which this bristling cruiser pronounces "the most lamentable and fatal delusion of the time," is one which has been cherished by poets, Christians and philosophers, and by the enlightened and spiritually-minded of all times. It was especially the theory of Jesus of Nazareth, who taught his surviving friends that he should be with them in spirit to the end of time.

Newspaper Scandal.

The press in this vicinity is busily circulating an absurd story of the "separation, by order of the spirits, of a husband and wife" who had "been living on the most friendly terms for about five years." If there were Spiritualists so foolish as to obey such an order, coming from any source, the act would deserve all the reprobation that might be heaped upon it, and would have no defense from us. But we have the best authority for pronouncing this story a sheer fabrication, in every essential particular.

The parties implicated met at our office on Monday evening last, when this amiable husband confessed, in the presence of witnesses, to a life of persistent idleness, improvidence, intemperance and brutality—to threats and acts of violence which had rendered it unsafe for his wife to live with him—and to having himself desired her to dispose of the household effects and depart. He wholly acquitted his wife from blame in the case, and gave her credit for having used her best efforts for years to reclaim him. The separation was intended to be only temporary, with the hope that it would result in reformation. There was no "order from the spirit-land" in the case; nor was there any meeting of the parties at the house of a "certain judge" in Boston, as alleged. The "spirit" which was at the bottom of these family troubles was "the demon alcohol." The unhappy man promises to live a worthier life.

When will the press, in its greed for scandal, cease to propagate and gloat over these foul libels upon Spiritualism?

Eighteen Years a Trance Preacher.

The Cadiz (Ohio) *Republican* says that Mrs. Burney, of Tippecanoe, Harrison county, Ohio, a highly respectable lady and a member of the Presbyterian church, during a peculiar condition of her physical and mental organization, has preached a sermon half an hour long, every other Sunday at ten o'clock, for eighteen years. While preaching she reclines upon a bed. Her instructions are generally excellent, and abound in scriptural quotations; but when she recovers her consciousness, she has no recollection of what she has been saying. Several years ago her case excited the attention of several medical gentlemen, who, while they had the utmost confidence in her sincerity, could give no satisfactory explanation of the mystery. Modern Spiritualism, however, throws a clear light upon all such phenomena.

Henry Ward Beecher's God.

Spiritualists are often denounced as Atheists, for the lack, on the part of some of them, of clear and definite conceptions of the Divine personality. But we have seldom met with one whose ideas were more cloudy and mystified than those expressed by Mr. Beecher, in the following extract from the *Independent*:

"Could Theodore Parker worship my God?—Jesus Christ is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. *A dim and shadowy effluence* rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. *A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought* arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible.

"They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my *manifest* God. All that I know is of him, and in him."

We are glad to see that Mr. B. has outgrown the childish ideas so commonly entertained by religionists, and does not fear to say it; and we doubt not he is on the road to more rational, expanded and satisfactory conceptions. These are to be attained only by spiritual growth and enlightenment.

AN EPIDEMIC.—The Boston *Courier* says that "there seems to be just now an epidemic of bad husbands and silly wives raging in both this country and in England." That paper sagely concludes that "much serious thought, and much plain speech is needed lest the marriage relation be degraded among us, even so low as in other cities it has fallen."

We opine it will require something more than serious thought and plain speech, after the *Courier's* fashion, to avert such a result.

The British *Spiritual Telegraph*, of Jan. 18, contains a very able article from the pen of the well-known author, William Howitt, in review of a sermon against Spiritualism by a Baptist clergyman of England.

THE EDITOR'S DRAWER.

An editor's drawer usually contains some things rare and curious, as well as valuable. But we doubt if anywhere can be found a more diversified collection than is wont to accumulate in the drawer of a Spiritualistic editor. He has correspondents not only in various parts of "this mundane sphere," but very likely in each of the seven or seventy (more or less) spheres of the supernal world; and, if our orthodox brethren can be believed, also in that other region about which *they* know so much and *we* so little.

For several weeks, we have been favored with an unusual influx of correspondence, quite beyond our ability to print. Hence our drawer is at present in a very plethoric condition. We propose to relieve it by briefly extracting the pith of its varied contents,—a course we trust will prove both acceptable to readers and satisfactory to contributors.

The first thing which comes to hand is a Prayer covering ten pages of manuscript, which the writer says he has "delivered at sectarian revivals with a good deal of eloquence." We do not exactly understand his object in wishing it printed in the AGE, except he presumes it will be more likely to attract the notice of the "incomprehensible being, spirit, or essence" addressed, if presented in our columns, than when delivered at sectarian revivals,—which is very probable. Since however, we are taught in the gospel not to expect to be heard for our *much* speaking, and since the first paragraph asks quite as much as we can reasonably anticipate will be granted at one time, we hope to be excused for copying but a single page. It is entitled—

"A Prayer by Common Sense and Reason.

"O thou omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, life-giving, intelligent and incomprehensible principle, being, spirit, or essence of all that is good, if any such exist, we invoke thy assistance in aid of our feeble attempts to bring about a revival of pure and undefiled religion among skeptics, infidels, atheists, universalists, spiritualists, electro-biologists, psychometrists, and all classes who need reformation. We therefore humbly pray that all men may be made better; may the dishonest become honest; the unjust just; the unmerciful merciful; the vicious virtuous; the drunkard temperate; may all liars henceforth speak nothing but the truth; all slanderers, whisperers and backbiters give up such hateful practices. May all gamblers see the folly of their ways. May profane swearers no more insult the ears of their fellow citizens. May the debauchee refrain from his lewdness, and the libertine from his licentious habits. Let him that stole steal no more. May all sharpers become flats in dishonesty, and be the base crime of ingratitude known among men no more!"

There! When that is answered, our readers shall have more, if they need. Next turns up

A Letter from a "Wandering Pilgrim."

—Dr. J. Webb, by name—who is at present sojourning in the Land of Gold. It is addressed "To the Christian Spiritualists of America," who are affectionately greeted "in the love of Jesus." The writer appears to be in great doubt about modern Spiritualism, but is quite sure that a considerable portion of the clergy of the popular churches are no better nor wiser than they should be. We copy the closing paragraph:

"A certain Methodist preacher told me a wonderful tale about spiritual developments in Illinois. But I thought how he could stand up in the pulpit and utter falsehood by the wholesale on other subjects; and this thought destroyed his testimony with me. And if a methodist preacher will lie, who will the truth? God only knows. I think sometimes I will believe nothing unless I see it or hear it myself. But here I am stopped; for I myself sometimes hear voices in the air, when no human being is near me. Then I wonder whether this is imagination or spirits conversing. I sometimes get into clairvoyant visions, and see heaven and spirits and angels; and learn wonderful things. Then I awake and wonder if this is all imagination, or a solemn reality But the prophesies of these visions generally come to pass. So what shall I make of all this? About twenty-three persons have died in or about this place since I came here, and I believe I have foreseen the death of every one of them. Others were sick and recovered, and I foresaw their recovery. It would astonish you, dear brothers and sisters to know all that I have seen in these wonderful spirit visions. But I must close my letter."

The Muses are especially bountiful to our Drawer. In fact, the "spirit-land" is the home of poetry and song, and now that the windows of heaven have been so widely opened, it is not to be wondered at that a deluge of poetry is being rained down upon our prosy world. True, the bards of the immortal realm seem sometimes quite indifferent to the trifling elegances of rhyme, measure, euphony, etc., which are usually considered so important by poets of earth. The following specimen, purporting to come from the celebrated preacher, John Murray, now of the celestial spheres, certainly contains some practical truth, whatever may be thought of its poetry. It was given in a circle in Iowa, and furnished us by L. Osborn:

"Alphabetical Advice in Rhyme.

"Advance towards an ark of safety so strong,
Be benevolent, and unto it belong.
Conscience is yours for a compass and guide,
Do your duty, and in harmony abide.
Ever endeavor to endure to the end,
Follow the footsteps of your spirit friends.
Good, grateful and gracious you should ever be,
Hoping for heaven and pure harmony.
Inquire after truth and immortality—
Journey towards heaven and joyfully.
Knowledge will lead you to that world above,
Learn knowledge and the laws of the Lord to love.
Manfully walk in wisdom's ways—
Nothing should prevent your prayers and praise.
Onward and upward your motto should be,
Progressing forever towards truth's living sea.
Question the spirits, try them by their fruits.
Refrain always from quarrels and angry disputes.
Seek instructions from spirits, they will guide you away
To those realms of bliss and harmonious day.
United you should always be on the earth—
Verify the promises of the new birth.
Walk in wisdom's ways as onward you go,
'Xalt your spirits from all cares here below.
Yield to no care, but seek that which is good—
Zealously pursue the paths of rectitude,
& then you will do as all mankind should."

The Spiritual Age

furnishes a favorite topic for poetical effusions. The following snatches do not claim a higher origin than with appreciative spirits in the body, but are too good to be lost:—

"Long live the AGE,
To calm the rage
And fight the foes of reason—
To save the land
From every clan
Of error, crime and treason. J. C. F.

Another:

"THE SPIRITUAL AGE, in fact I like it;
I feel quite loth to do without it;
It aims so close, and shoots so straight,
That foes of truth soon meet their fate."

Our space is full, and and we must hold in reserve several of our richest selections.

The *Revue Spiritualiste* reports that Spiritualism is steadily advancing in Holland, and is securing the attention and convictions especially of those who have heretofore been skeptical in respect to the immortality of the soul.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL; with suggestions for more ennobling Institutions and Philosophical Systems of Education. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Boston: Bela Marsh, Publisher.

This pamphlet, containing Mr. Davis' addresses before the Utica Convention in September last, with additions, has been two or three months before the public. It was briefly mentioned in our columns on its issue from the press; but the prominence of the author, and his peculiar relations to Spiritualism, as well as the contents of the work itself, render it worthy of a more extended notice. The topics discussed are among the most important and vital questions of the day, as indicated by the following synopsis of contents: I. The Unity of Truth; II. The Ante-Human Theory of Evil; III. The Inter-Human Theory of Evil; IV. The Super-Human Theory of Evil; V. The Spiritual Theory of Evil; VI. The Harmonial Theory of Evil; VII. The Cause and Cure of Evil; VII. The World's True Saviour Discovered; IX. The Harmonial Cure of Evil.

The style of the work, like that of the preceding works of Mr. Davis, is flowing and musical, with a tendency now and then to soar away among the clouds of ideality and intangibility. This last characteristic, however pertains more or less to most persons who write or speak under a powerful spiritual influx. Nevertheless there is a substantial basis of vigorous thought and searching analysis at the bottom.

In tracing the origin and history of Evil, and the various theories concerning it, Mr. D. appears to follow his "impressions," as Mr. Harris does his "visions" and "revelations from the Lord," instead of endeavoring to deduce conclusions from any supposed authentic records of the race. Probably one method is about as conclusive as the other, and the last-mentioned not much more reliable than either of the other two. Common readers, who are neither Natural seers nor Celestial visionists, must regard the enunciations of either as mere speculations, to be accepted only so far as they commend themselves to the individual judgment. Wonderful as has been Mr. Davis' psychological experience, and extraordinary as is his illumination in certain departments of mental perception, yet when he comes into the realm of moral, spiritual and theological philosophy, we are unable to feel him an altogether safe guide.

We will not stop to criticise his statements of what he terms the Ante-Human, Inter-Human and Super-Human Theories; but we have a word of protest to enter against his presentation of what he calls the "Spiritual Theory." We are aware that Mr. Davis has desired to stand aloof from the modern Spiritualistic movement, and to draw a clear line between himself as a "Harmonialist" and Spiritualists in general. We have not the slightest fault to find with this; yet it must seriously damage our respect for him as a philosopher and moral teacher if we find him resorting to any unfair representations for the purpose of creating an apparent breach. But what shall we make of the following?—

"Upon the more recently-grown tree, in the world of spiritual unfoldments, are prominently visible two branches: 1. Those who superstitiously accept the facts of Spiritualism as God's method of fixing attention and faith on the ancient record; and, 2. Those who materialistically adopt modern facts as the elements of a new religious Authority, and yet skeptically reject the elder experience as fictitious. But both branches are useful and fruitful."—p. 36.

Why did not Mr. Davis add a third branch which is at least equally prominent?—namely, Those who rationally adopt modern facts, both of observation and intuition, as the positive basis of an eclectic Religious and Spiritual Philosophy, *accepting* all the elder experience which accords therewith, and rejecting *all* extrinsic and dogmatic Authority? Perhaps he will claim this "branch" as belonging to or constituting his "Harmonial" tree; but if so, it is as legitimate an outgrowth of the "recent spiritual unfoldments" as is either of the others. Again:

"This intercommunication between two worlds equally substantial, was very soon regarded as a *panacea* for human evil and misery. The believers affirmed that good and evil affections, in mankind, attract earthward corresponding qualities and influences from persons in the spirit-land. Wilfully wicked affections innocently imposed and inherited prior to the possibility of willing, obtain their *pabulum* from spiritual fountains. So says the purely spiritual hypothesis, and further: voluntary drunkards and voluptuaries on earth very soon become "mediums" for the gratification of those unsatiated appetites which survive the ordeal of death. Hereditary viciousness is believed (by many) to be stimulated and confirmed by wicked spirits; while, on the other hand, the spirits of goodness and purity and truth, exert all their power to inspire men's better nature, to rescue and to elevate.

"Here, then, is divulged the spiritual theory of evil; to which is very logically attached the remedies. If we comprehend every branch of the purely spiritual development, with its remedies for evil and suffering, the prescription would consist of—*first*, a belief in personal immortality; *second*, sitting in circles for demonstrations; *third*, in becoming mediums for communications; *fourth*, closeted prayer for silent communions; *fifth*, personal goodness based upon wilful affection for moral and religious truth; *sixth*, in giving the young a spiritual education; *seventh*, abstaining from all organizations and constructive reforms, except for *religious* development; *eighth*, allowing personal evils and national injustices to have their perfect work; *ninth*, believing in a personal God's supervision at all times; *tenth*, believing in special providences both from God and his angels; *eleventh*, and lastly, waiting like the orthodox world for the inhabitants or powers celestial to inaugurate, in some sudden and supernatural and universal manner, the long-prayed-for kingdom of heaven on earth."—p. 37, 38.

Now, is there an intelligent Spiritualist in the land but will pronounce the above at least a mere caricature of his views? The first paragraph, indeed, expresses what we deem to be truth; but it *omits* to express what we have ever urged as the most vital part of saving truth—namely, the necessity of man's individual regeneration and personal growth in wisdom, love and righteousness. And in the "prescription" set forth as the "spiritual remedy" for evil, are compounded ingredients, at least one-half of which we should repudiate as either worthless or positively noxious; while it leaves out what we regard as utterly indispensable to a cure. Surely, Mr. Davis could have afforded to be more just than this.

Possibly, however, he will urge that by the "spiritual theory" he did not intend the theory of Spiritualists as such, but only that theory (held perhaps by a superficial class) which looks exclusively and helplessly to disembodied spirits as the sources or ministers of all good and evil. If so, he should have made the distinction clear. As it stands, his language represents all "believers" in modern spirit-intercourse as alike holding to the absurdities involved in these eleven "remedies," and confiding in them for the world's redemption.

Mr. Davis' statement of the "Harmonial Theory of Evil," we are also obliged to criticise and dissent from. It would be very beautiful, comprehensive and acceptable, only for two prominent defects: 1st. It palpably mistakes the *source* of the worst evils; and secondly, It ignores the only *real* evil in existence. The latter defect, in a work with such a title, forcibly reminds one of the representation of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet omitted. "Ignorance" is declared to be the source of all evil—whereas, it is the almost or quite universal experience of mankind, that they *know* better than they *do*. The evils arising from mere ignorance are but a small part of what the world is groaning under, and are only *apparent* at that. They prove to be goods in the end, for they impel to growth. The real source of real evil in us is to be found, most evidently, in perverted *inclinations*. Yielding to these in preference to known right, is positive evil, and the only unmixed evil in the universe. But we will not here go again over the ground so fully and we think irrefutably maintained in the writer's address at that same Utica Convention. Suffice it to say, that a theory so palpably mistaken as is this of Mr. Davis cannot form the basis of a true Harmonial Philosophy,—cannot conduct man to harmony with Deity.

Having so defective a view of the nature and source of evil, we can hardly expect our philosopher to entertain very clear and thorough conceptions of the cure. Nevertheless, the general statement set forth under this head is unexceptionable. The failure lies in the lack of practical application. The Savior of mankind is declared to be WISDOM, and rightly so. And it is added, with equal truth, that

"Wisdom (or the harmonizing principle) must conjugally unite with Love, as heat, with light, in the effort to bring the kingdom of heaven on earth. Love and Wisdom must work together, with their arms about each other's necks, as the angels and maidens of truth; then, and only then, will Christianity achieve her highest triumph!"

But the means and process requisite for bringing individual men and women, taken as they are, under the harmonizing power of true Wisdom, and the redeeming efficacy of pure Love, seem to be inadequately conceived. The mere enlightment of the understanding is obviously not enough—though it is much. Nothing less than a real and thorough (not theoretical) REGENERATION of the whole nature—a change of the perverted and disorderly *inclinations* from bad to good—is absolutely required. And while the intellect recognizes Wisdom in the abstract, and relies on PRINCIPLES for salvation, yet the heart demands an embodiment of these in a personal and perfect Being, to call out its affections and energize its saving impulses. It is impossible to be strongly moved by a cold, impersonal abstraction.

The concluding suggestions respecting new and more ennobling Religious, Social and Educational Institutions—the Civilization of the Future—are valuable, so far as they go, and worthy of earnest attention. Yet they are not altogether new to us; nor are they so clearly defined as we could wish. Substantially the same, comprehensively and tangibly elaborated, are set forth in "*The Educator*," a volume dictated through J. M. Spear and published some time since. It is gratifying, however, to know that the seers, peering forward through the mist and tempest of the transition age, begin to see alike, even though dimly, the headlands and outlines of the New World towards which Humanity is now drifting. Soon, we trust, will less gifted mortals be enabled to see eye to eye. Soon, may we hope, will, at least, a little company of adventurers be ready to disembark, and to take possession of the New Continent in the name of the Holy Trinity of LOVE, WISDOM AND HARMONY.

Correspondence.

An Offer to Skeptics.

[Hon. C. W. Cathcart of Indiana, (formerly member of Congress,) makes the following offer through our columns to doubters of spirit-manifestations.]

Our friends in the East it would seem have been deficient in the exercise of that shrewdness for which Yankees are proverbial, or they surely would not have been deceived by such shallow tricks as have been imposed upon them as spiritual manifestations.

With a large class, the exercise of an intelligent force upon ponderable substances when it could not be laid to a human being, has been the means of bringing conviction of the presence of spirits, when they were unapproachable by any other kind of testimony.

Of this class I confess myself one; hence when I was convinced by what are called physical manifestations (several years ago) I arranged what is generally called a spirit hall, intending as far as in my power laid, to furnish the means of investigation to all inquirers. I have spent a good deal of time and money and never under any circumstances have either myself or family accepted directly or indirectly the first penny for our trouble, though we have fed as high as thirty strangers in a day.

To the medium who sat in the public circle and who was not a member of my family, and whose time was taken up by these circles, investigators sometimes made small presents. During all this time I have had a standing offer of five hundred dollars for any evidence of fraud on the part of the circle—the board of any intelligent committee to be given them, and as many special sessions to be held as they might desire.

We have been visited by persons from almost every part of the Union and by almost every class of mankind, and yet so well satisfied have all been that what they witnessed could not have been produced by human agency, that no one has seen proper to take up with my offer. That offer is still open to all honest, intelligent skeptics.

Our circles have heretofore been held in the evening—we now however hold them in the daytime, though for the musical demonstrations we are compelled to darken the room. Enough however that is inexplicable without the acknowledgement of spiritual presence and agency is witnessed in the light. The Hall is two miles east of Westville a village on the railroad from Michigan City to Lafayette, and in the west part of Laporte Co., Indiana. Enquirers can find good quarters at Westville, so far as the natural body is concerned, and ready means of passing to and from our place. By holding our circles in the day we avoid the burdensome task of entertaining enquirers.

Jan. 12th, 1859. CH. W. CATHCART.

Miss Emma Hardinge in Rockford, Ill.

[From a number of appreciative tributes to Miss Hardinge's lectures on her western tour, we select the following, for the reason that it appears to have been compelled from an opponent of Spiritualism:]

This truly-gifted and truly eloquent woman has come and gone—flashed upon us like a meteor—gone like a bird with its song, leaving soft echoes and pleasant memories behind. She has just closed a course of lectures in this city, which were attended with marked success. In most cases the subjects for discussion were given her by a committee of skeptics selected from the audience. In every case the subjects were treated with wonderful ability. She completely baffled all skepticism with her logical lore, her philosophy, the force and felicity of her language, her metaphors, and her graphic and poetic imagination. Call it trance speaking, or what you will, Miss Hardinge evinces a knowledge of Science, Philosophy, Religion, History and Metaphysics, truly remarkable. Long years of toil and study, or Inspiration, must be the means in her possession; the first is impossible, as a knowledge of the lady will testify, hence we are *almost* inclined to call it inspiration. Her discourse on Sunday afternoon last, on "*Incarnation and Inspiration*" was one of the sublimest efforts of mind that can be conceived. Never were such sublime thoughts clothed in so fitting language, and never was Truth set forth by so fitting a medium. She seems to be the embodiment of the god-like and grand precepts she would inculcate—"Love supreme to God, and our neighbor as ourself." Before this, the fundamental principle of all religions, dogmas, creeds and sects must yield. This woman's philosophy is naught, but the whole-souled effort with which she works, and the eloquence with which she utters the truth, together with her consistent life, must and does command the attention of the intelligent and good everywhere. That she has done good here, and raised the standard of Spiritualism as a religion, is plainly apparent. ANTI-SPIRITUALIST.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 17, 1859.

Response to Miss Hardinge's Offer.

I respond to Miss Hardinge's offer so gallantly made in your paper, to be one of the twenty to guarantee to Mrs. Brown, or Kate Fox, or G. A. Redman, the sum of ten thousand dollars if either of them "will come forward and publicly confess to a system of imposture, revealing and proving to the perfect satisfaction of all beholders, how the manifestations claiming to be spiritual were made by them; and this so conclusively that each beholder shall be able to practice them for himself."

And as she is first, count me second in the list. I confess, however, that I have not much fear of losing the money, but would gladly pay it to have it demonstrated. Yours, A. MILTENBERGER.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25.

P. S. We want the address of Mrs. Coan, the public test medium. (Will Mrs. C. furnish this?—ED.)

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

Miss DOTEN'S address on Sunday afternoon was introduced by a repetition of Paul's address to the ancient Athenians, so modified as to adapt it to the inhabitants of the modern Athens, something as follows: "Ye men of Boston, we perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as we behold your temples of worship, we find churches erected to the Catholic God, and the Episcopalian God, and the Orthodox God, and the Unitarian God, and the Universalist God, and many more. Whom therefore ye ignorantly and dividedly worship, him declare we unto you," etc. The subject was True Worship.

Man is by nature a worshipper. He cannot separate himself from Deity. He is surrounded by mysteries, and is a mystery to himself. His beginning and his destiny are alike incomprehensible. He feels himself the creature of a Power and Intelligence mightier and wiser than himself. In his earlier stages of development, his conceptions of Deity are necessarily limited and crude, and he must give God a tangible form. Hence he makes images of clay, wood or stone. But in more advanced stages of mental and spiritual growth, he can conceive of pure intellect and pure spirit; and in moments of high spirituality, when the soul is filled with a peace which passeth all understanding, then he draws consciously near to God and worships only in spirit. The rude worship of the untutored mind, however, is as true and acceptable when it is according to that mind's highest conceptions, as is the loftier worship of the more expanded soul.

The costly sacrificial worship of the Mosaic system had its use—it cultivated earnestness in the soul. But it in time ran into externals and heartless forms. This was a token that a new and higher revelation was needed. Jesus then came and proclaimed God as a spirit, to to be worshipped as a spirit, and as a Father, to be loved by all his offspring. The doctors rejected this grand idea, but the common people heard it gladly. Jesus was so absorbed in doing the will of the Father, that his own individuality was lost in Him, and he declared that he and his Father were one.

The erroneousness of Orthodox and Universalist conceptions of God were here portrayed, and the present phase of Spiritualism—its marvels and its personal spirit-communion—was declared to be but a temporary condescension to the world's present condition, having an ulterior and grand purpose behind it. Above all this seeming confusion and folly is God, seeking to lead man to higher conceptions and truer worship of Himself. Crude and imperfect as the movement is, yet it has broken the shell of conservatism, and it is impossible for minds once emancipated to creep back again into narrow creeds.

But the new truth must be incorporated into the daily life. "Give me something to do," must be the great cry of every earnest soul. The next step must be self-abnegation,—a renunciation of selfish ends and a life for universal Humanity. The establishment of a Sunday School was a movement in the right direction. Children should be taught, not dogmas, but to live true, unselfish lives.

Spiritualism comes with a mask upon its face. When that falls off, you will see that God is there, inviting you to a true worship—to communion with Him in your own interiors—to a regenerate life—to eternal progress.

The evening lecture was on the Philosophy of Spiritualism. By *will* God created the Universe, rolled out suns and systems from chaos; and by will are the grand operations of Nature sustained. Will is also implanted in man; by it he sends power through his whole being, controlling not himself alone, but in a measure circumstances around him. If a person wills to have his hand moved, what is the medium of communication between the mind and the hand? It is a magnetic current. So God acts upon the Universe; a magnetic ether pervades all space, and is the medium of His power. So man is moved by the silent speech of Deity, unconscious of what has influenced him. Spirits also use this etherial fluid, to communicate with each other and with mortals. Every object in Nature impresses this magnetic ether and sets it in motion; but it is especially at the control of spirit-power. Vibrations of this subtle fluid convey impressions to man's interior senses, particularly in the abnormal or trance state. This state is thought by some to be disease; but it is a natural result of man's development. As the race has degenerated physically, there is a greater activity of the brain and nervous system; man is becoming more refined and susceptible; he realizes more and more that he is a spirit; his will is less chained to the body, and he avails himself of this magnetic medium for communion with invisible beings.

In his ordinary condition a man is insulated by his will so as not to be affected by this magnetic medium; but when this insulation ceases, he passes into the trance state, by a law as natural as that which makes him breathe. He can then avail himself of his spiritual senses independent of the body. Generally speaking, mediums must be passive to pass into this state; but some can by their own wills withdraw themselves from externals and come into the sphere of the interior world.

There is a process of induction by which persons can be brought into a condition of susceptibility to spiritual influences—as the magnet will communicate its properties to a piece of iron. One degree of this induction obtains when persons meet and cordially shake hands, or where there is sympathetic interchange. So spirits induce the impressible condition in the medium; they then communicate telegraphically. But this magnetic ether being acted on by all minds more or less, the insulation of the medium may be affected by surrounding persons. An audience may exert a positive influence, so that the insulation of the medium cannot be entirely removed. It is only when all influences are harmonious that the conditions are favorable for communication.

When messages are telegraphed by spirits, do they come in words? No; they convey impressions which are translated into language by the medium. A person impressed needs large ideality, to receive, and large language, to express, ideas. And then there will be more or less imperfection. But when we become sufficiently developed, when we understand our own souls, we can avail ourselves of our spiritual senses and obtain more clear and perfect ideas of the invisible world. The time is to come when we shall all be consciously susceptible to these higher influences.

BOSTON CONFERENCE.—Another animated debate was had on Monday evening on the question whether Spiritualism is a matter of faith or of knowledge. It was participated in by Messrs. Chapman and Wheaton, of Charlestown; Dr. Lew, of New Bedford; Messrs. Wilson, Newton, Seaver, Johnson, Pike, Coleman, and Dr. Dillingham of Boston. Nothing new of importance was developed, and only this potent conclusion could be arrived at—namely, that to those who had received positive proof of spirit-existence and communion (if such there be) it is a matter of knowledge; but to those who believe it on testimony, it is a matter of faith.

The following question will be considered at the next meeting—Is a belief in modern Spiritualism calculated to promote a truer life? Mr. Seaver, editor of the *Investigator*, is expected to open the debate.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL will be opened by Spiritualists at the Melodeon on Sunday morning next at 10 1-2 o'clock. All persons favorable to the effort are invited to attend, and to induce the attendance of children and adults of any age, and of any class of society needing or wishing to enjoy the advantages of such a school.

A few of the spiritual friends at Providence have organized a second society, called the "Morning Star Circle," and intend to hold regular Sunday meetings for lectures. They have invited L. Judd Pardee to speak to them through the month of February.

Emma Hardinge is engaged to speak in Boston every Sabbath, and on Wednesday evenings, through the month of February.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Jan. 28th.

Question: The Spiritual Circle, what are its scientific elements and its uses and abuses?

Dr. GRAY announced a physical manifestation, in the shape of a five dollar bill, contributed by a benevolent individual in aid of a needy family, for whose relief a small purse had been raised at the session of the previous week. He then proceeded to the question and said:

The reporter in the *Telegraph* of the proceedings of the last session—Mr. Coles—probably owing to his own dullness in stating them, had somewhat mistaken his views. There is an animal consciousness and a spiritual consciousness. Ordinarily—in the common affairs of life—we are in our animal consciousness. The trance plane is a higher one. The seer plants his consciousness on the plane of the spirits. While in this condition the external becomes changed. The pupil of the eye is enlarged, the odor of the breath is different; the sense of feeling is partially or wholly lost. In order to have spiritual communications of any sort, it is necessary that some one in the circle should be in this state. The same law obtains on the natural plane. He was then positive. His hearers were recipient or negative. That constitutes a circle on the earth-plane, and is liable to be mistaken for a circle on the spiritual plane. When the speaker becomes wrapt, and the audience excited, it is natural for them to conclude that he is in rapport with the spiritual plane. The world is full of laws, bibles, decrees, etc., originating in this kind of way. Mr. Harris' church, in his opinion, was got up in this manner, and the Kiantone movement, and the authoritative educators. In the true circle there is no dictation. The freedom of the creature is respected. But in order to give or receive a communication on any plane, the law must be observed. We cannot generate thought and receive thought at the same time.

Dr. HALLOCK: The trance subject is not in a condition to judge of his own state at the time. Before the days of Spiritualism, he had put many into that state, psychologically. Then, perhaps, a conversation like the following would ensue:

John, are you awake?

Yes, sir.

This is a pencil, is it?

Yes, sir.

No, it is not; it is a stick of candy. Eat it.

So John would eat up the pencil. For the time being he is lost, and knows nothing but what he is willed to know. The signs of trance, as given by Dr. Gray, he considered substantially correct.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: Are not the same signs exhibited in psychology as in spiritual trance; and if so, what test do they furnish?

Dr. GRAY: These signs only determine as between a circle and enthusiasm. To settle the fact of a spirit communication, there must be a physical manifestation. A good observer informed him that he was sitting with Kate Fox, when a ball of light several inches in diameter descended on the table; and in the ball were two hands. He himself had seen in the presence of Hume, and in a good gas-light, five hands of different colors.

Dr. HALLOCK: In order to see the difference in value between a physical manifestation, and anything that trance can furnish, let us go back to the ancients. The Christian Dispensation was ushered in by Isaiah, Ezekiel, etc., but was there anything said by the man who introduced it, about the fall of Adam? No one of the old prophets was made a foundation stone in the new structure. On the contrary, the Apostle says, If Christ be not risen, then are we of all men the most miserable. The Christian Dispensation is founded on this one physical fact, and not on the trances of the prophets. And what a lesson Christ himself gave on the cross of his estimate of humanity. He doubted if that noble being, previous to that last crowning act of his life—and he meant no irreverence—had reached a point in his development which enabled him to grasp the entire question of man. But then, looking out on those who were putting him to death, he could see them as they were, and say, "They know not what they do."

Dr. ORTON: The example of forgiveness exhibited by Christ toward his murderers, will continue to exercise a softening influence over the human family, so long as there remains anything among them to be forgiven. But Dr. Hallock should not forget the other part of that noble prayer. Taken as a whole, it proves quite too much for his purpose. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." So it seems, notwithstanding their ignorance, that Christ did not consider them blameless, but that there was still something to be forgiven.

As to the signs of trance, he agreed with Dr. Gray, and believed that these signs, to a greater or less extent, were always present at the spiritual circle. There must be a change of state; but this second state, which introduced one on to the spiritual plane, he held to be also a normal state, and within the scope of natural development. Spirits might, or might not, aid or be present, on the occasion of our consciousness passing to that plane. We were entitled to exert our faculties on that plane, by virtue of being spirits ourselves.

But thus far in the discussion of the question, the points of public value had been scarcely touched. We were all aware at the beginning that it could do us no harm to talk with angels. The speakers have expended their strength in showing that a circle, organized and conducted in all respects according to the laws of the circle, could do no evil. The question contemplates something more—the uses and abuses of the circle, as it exists, not as it ought to exist. If the latter was its present status there would be no abuses. If light is to be shed on the question so as to benefit the world, it must be frankly met, and the abuses of the circle exposed.

J. F. COLES: We have travelled all about the bush, now let us try to find out what the circle is, and what are its abuses. The signs of the trance are as old as the race. The subject must become quiescent—the external retire into the internal. Keene and Booth, in their grand tragic frenzy, exhibited the dilated eye. Forrest does not. He is an art, or imitative actor. The mystics and quietists attained to the trance or circle state, by solitude and reflection; the Delphic oracles, it is probable, by inhaling some sort of gas. Did spirits speak through those oracles? The oracle or trance state operates differently on different persons. It will make one a saint and another a fiend. The result depends on the organs that are brought under influence. Make six persons drunk, and one will want to fight, another will laugh, another will want to bet or gamble, and another pray; as combativeness, mirthfulness, avarice, or veneration is affected by the liquor. Put those same persons in a circle, and it will operate in the same way. The belligerent one will fall foul of the Bible and the churches, and the one of strong passions will be brought pre-eminently under their control. Precisely what will be the effect on any one, we cannot tell beforehand. He may become a religionist, or a free-lover. It depends on the organs that become excited. One man, remember, can form a circle state. Then this is the safe way. Let him go alone, with a pure heart, and commune with God. If there is any communication with the spirit-world, he believed we could communicate with God easier, and more to our advantage, than with anybody else.

Mrs. FRENCH: She would relate some facts. From seven years of age she had been familiar with spirit-intercourse. Once in her childhood, she announced to her mother that a brother who was absent had been severely wounded in the foot. Again, that her father had got hurt. In the one case she was told by the spirit of her grandmother; in the other by her sister. On another occasion, while her older sister was absent and not expected to return immediately, she announced that she was on the way home, and in five days would be killed by lightning. This occurred as she had foretold; and her mother was also injured by the lightning, so that she became deaf and paralytic. One night, after some years, her sister appeared to her and told her she was going to cure her mother through her. Under the influence of the spirit, she arose, went to her mother's bed, and commenced manipulating her. She was thus cured both of her deafness and paralysis, and restored to sound health.

Dr. GOULD: On the rule laid down by Dr. Hallock, we are safe. If we obey the laws of the circle, we are of course safe; and if there be no evil, we are also safe. J. R. O.

DR. HATCH'S PROGRESS.—B. F. Hatch, M. D., has written his second letter to the New York *Herald*, on "the moral, social and religious aspects of Spiritualism." The *Herald* refuses to publish it. The principal reason assigned is that the Doctor does not furnish facts to support his statements.

☞ We are requested to say that SIGNOR MONTI, of Harvard University, will lecture against Spiritualism at Dodworth's Hall, on Sunday evening next.

Compend of Facts.

Test Facts.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 13, 1859.

FRIEND NEWTON:—So much is now said in the way of cant and recanting, etc., I may as well take my turn. I will recite a case or two in my own experience in relation to communications being received from our spirit friends, other than those which are in the minds of some one present at the time the same is being produced.

About seven years since I was partially developed as a writing medium. A gentleman of this city was receiving a communication—no one being present but himself and me. The spirit purported to be a friend of mine who had been for many years coroner for the County of St. Louis. Feeling anxious to get a communication from the said spirit myself, I asked my friend to waive his questioning. They then wrote by dotting out letters, to a question put by me, something entirely foreign to the query.

The aforesaid gentleman, as each letter was dotted through me, wrote it down as follows:—"When I was alive Melody told me he had a brother-in-law drowned." Afterwards, when I came across Mr. Melody, I told him I had the above communication from the spirit.

Mr. M., shaking his head very positively, said, "I never told him any such thing."

In course of the day he [M.] called on me and said: "I have been reflecting on the communication. I was holding an inquest over a drowned man, and I then told the old man I had a brother-in-law drowned."

At the time I received the above M. was some distance from where I was—did not know I was getting anything of the kind, and when I told him, positively denied that he had told any such thing.

On another occasion the said spirit was communicating to Mr. M., when M. said, "Bro. Owens, what about that coin?" "No." M. said, "Bro. Owens, did you not promise me that coin?" He wrote, "No; I did not." M. said, "Yes, you did, Bro. Owens." I then said to M., "Please write as I call each letter writen through me, as it aids in keeping me passive." He wrote, "In No." I said, "That is a *faux paux;* there is no sense in that," but kept on writing,—"vember I told you I would not give anything away as long as my wife lived."

I afterwards ascertained the fact that that conversation did occur in November, as the spirit, on a return from a tour, got the cholera on a boat; after which the boat was detained on a bar on the Ohio river, and he died at home on the 11th day of November. The spirit had a cabinet of coins; M. wanted him to leave them to the Masonic College of this State; hence the conversation they had, which resulted as above stated. M. was under the impression that he promised him a gold coin; but the spirit said "no."

On another occasion, a spirit friend gave several communications, signing each by his name—Daniel Meloy. A friend of Daniel Meloy, on comparing letters had from him when on earth, found the signatures to be identical—entirely different from my own style of writing. Suddenly he called my attention to one of said communications having, as he said, his private signature, thus—M : : . I denied that it could be a private signature of Meloy's. My friend C. stated that M. belonged to an order called the "Owl Club," and that was his signature as the head of the order of the Owl Club of Missouri, and which hieroglyphic Meloy had himself signed in correspondence with him (C.). My friend was not present when I received the communications, nor did he even know where I was at the time; and he was the only person that knew of M.'s using such a mode for his signature.

A gentleman from the upper part of this State, an entire stranger to me, informed me that he was well acquainted with the laws of mesmeric influence, etc., and the position of Dr. Dods (as then proclaimed) was the true interpretation, and that I must be a subject. I informed him that I had repeatedly sat (with a strong desire to be under their control) under the best operators, who not only could not succeed to produce the slightest effect upon me, but on the contrary, one operator said "he would as lief undertake to magnetize a torpedo eel; for I had darted as it were shocks on to him, throwing him several feet from me;" at the same time experimenting with three others, one man over six feet, and stout in proportion, he got considerable control over—(I am very small, not weighing over one hundred and fifteen pounds). I was under spirit-influence. He afterwards—getting some manifestations entirely opposed to himself—admitted that there was an influence some way counteracting and operating against his. I told him as they were not writing through me then, they used me to reply to mental questions put by investigators, by influencing my hand in response to beat three times, etc. After getting his silent queries answered, holding communication about twenty minutes, he said: "Take your pen and write." I took it up (thinking they would not write); the word Overron was written with a rapidity almost beyond conception on a page of thirty-two lines, on every line, and then stopped. He asked me what they had written. I told him they had written, over and over again, "Overron." He said, "Ask them to write again." The result was as before, except only writing five or six times. He said, "That is strange." Says I, "It is, is it not?" I replied, "Come up by side; as there is no sense in this, and I am only an investigator myself."

When I had words in my writing I could not make out, I would ask this power, or spirit, to raise my hand up high as I called the letter which was right, and to keep it still when the wrong letter was called. I then called the letters. To each letter my arm and hand was carried up very forcibly, and down again. When I called the second *r* there seemed to be a weight on my fingers, hand and arm, that was almost unbearable. I then said to the gentleman: "Now if you have any idea what the right letter is, for my satisfaction, do call it, but call several others before it, and see if the hand will raise at any other." He called probably a dozen or more letters; at each letter an additional pressure would come on the hand. At the letter *t* it raised like a feather in a gale of wind. I then said, "The other letters, *o n* are right, are they not?" at which it raised as before. I asked this gentleman what Overton meant. He said it was his father's name; that it professed to be his father communicating at the time it told him if I would take the pen and write.

Don't you think that *r* knocked Mesmerism? I do. I think it would have knocked Mesmer himself. I have many tests through myself. They rarely now write through me; they seem to use me best when with honest skeptics, in personating their friends, describing their appearance and dress when on earth, and occasionally giving their names and speaking on subjects that occupied their mind when here, or in their new home. Having received through the present spirit-manifestations evidence of my continued individual existence when I shuffle off my mortal coil, I am willing, in return for this great boon, to give to my acquaintances or others whatever I can (being able to earn my living by my usual vocation) freely as I receive, never expecting to receive other than the approval of my own conscience and the spirit friends, in endeavoring to dispense this greatest light of the nineteenth century. Yours for the truth, CHARLES LEVY.

A Murder Revealed by a Dream.

A miraculous discovery of a horrible murder is related by a Belgian journal of a recent date:—Two brothers, Jews, set out from Gyrek, with a view of placing their two daughters at a boarding school in the town of Grosswardein. During the night of their absence, the youngest daughter, aged ten, who was left at home, woke up her mother suddenly during the night, and crying bitterly, declared that she saw her father and uncle, and all being murdered. The mother, for some time, took no notice of the child's declaration, but, as she persisted, and would not be pacified, she began to be alarmed herself, and the next morning took the child before the mayor of the town, to whom she declared her dream, stating at the same time that the murderers were two men living in the neighborhood, whom she deliberately pointed out, and added that the murder was committed at the entrance of the forest, on the road to Grosswardien. The mayor, after this revelation, thought it prudent to make inquiry after the two neighbors indicated by the child, when, singularly enough, they were discovered to be absent from home. This suspicious circumstance induced the mayor to dispatch some officers to the forest alluded to by the child, who discovered the horrid spectacle of five bodies extended on the ground, which were those of the two brothers, the two daughters, and the driver of the vehicle in which they all took their departure. The corpses appeared to have all been set on fire, so as to destroy their identity, and the vehicle was nowhere discovered. This horrible tragedy led the officers to examine the whole neighborhood, when they fortunately pounced upon the two neighbors at a fair not far distant, as they were in the very act of changing some notes on which some spots of blood were visible. On being seized, they immediately confessed their crime, and on the child's dream being revealed to them, acknowledged the finger of Providence in their capture. The wonderful dream on the part of the child, and its fulfilment, excited an immense sensation in the neighborhood.

Various Items.

It is said there are two thousand husbands and wives in Indiana and Illinois applying for divorces, with every prospect of success. The lock most easily broken in these days is wed-lock.

A Mexican bishop of French origin was recently poisoned by "the body and blood of Christ," in the form of sacramental wine. The poison was introduced by another priest, the bishop having incurred the displeasure of the priests by his rigorous opposition to their gambling, licentiousness, etc.

An Irish wit who had been befriended and patronized by Lord O Flynn, became at length so addicted to intemperance, that his benefactor felt constrained to close his door against him. Calling one time as usual, and not being admitted, he revenged himself by writing upon the door the following couplet:

What a pity hell's gate wasn't kept by O Flynn,
For so surly a dog would let nobody in.

THE DEVIL IN THE BELLS.—There was lately some extraordinary bell-ringing at Genoa, Italy, which, not being accounted for in any other way, was set down by the people as the works of the devil. In a certain house the five bells of as many lodgers rang every day from seven till twelve in the evening, from no visible cause, and although the police searched the premises and the priests smoked out the devils with incense, the bells continued to ring day after day till they were taken down. The lodgers quit the house, and it will probably stand empty for years, till the story of the bedevilled bells is forgotten.

BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON.—A Maine paper says that a child died in Sharon a few days since, and beautifully robed for the grave, was laid in the coffin on the morning of its burial. The weeping friends placed in its hands a small boquet of flowers, among which was an unopened rosebud of the "Rose of Sharon." The lid was then placed upon the coffin and the funeral services performed. When, after the lapse of two or three hours, the coffin was opened again, and the friends gathered about to look upon it for the last time, that bud had become a full-blown rose while in the cold hand of death.

EXPERIENCES OF EDITORS.—An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives.

A Western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one.

A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble by barely promising to marry, without going any further.

A Southern editor says that he was bothered enough by simply being found in company with another man's wife.

THE "CHIEF PLEASURES OF THE BLESSED."—An orthodox minister in Cincinnati, in commenting upon the glory of heaven, recently, assured his congregation that one of the "chief pleasures of the blessed" would consist in the knowledge that the damned were suffering the most horrible tortures in the fiery lake; that the "pure spirits would look down from the white porticos of God's palace, and receive new joy from the contemplation of burning souls agonizing in the sea of flame, to which an angry and outraged Deity had *mercifully* consigned them." Not more than half a dozen ministers entertaining such amiable ideas of Heaven's mercy, would be required to drive a city of believers into the ranks of atheism.

SPIRITUAL MUSIC BOX.—The people of Manchester, N. H., are in a state of wonderment produced by some marvellous "thumpings" and other manifestations produced by supernatural powers. Among other cases the *Mirror* relates the following:

A man of wealth and integrity, whose word is above suspicion, a believer in Spiritualism, says that he was in the house of a relative, in this city a short time since, and a music box in the room was heard winding itself up, and then began to play, playing all the tunes it was made to play, and then playing one it was never known to play before. He then said that if there were any spirits present he wished they would bring the music box to him, and the box left the place where it was sitting and came through an empty space several feet to his lap. This is another nut for unbelievers to crack. There must be a cause for everything, and what is the cause of the music-box adventure?

PROMISCUOUS DANCING.—A clergyman of the old fogy school, says the Harrisburgh Telegraph, has written an article in denunciation of "promiscuous dancing," and calls upon the fatihful to hold it in Orthodox abhorrence." The promiscuous dancing which the reverend gentleman so much dislikes, is the dancing of men and women together. That, being pleasant, is naughty; whereass the dancing of men with men, women with women, being a very poor, flavorless thing, is permitted. Now we agree with our cotemporary that "promiscuous dancing" is, in itself, not only no sin, but an innocent pleasure and healthful exercise—one of the natural and universal expressions of that delight in being alive, which is the blessed boon of youth and health. That man must have an essentially low and vulgar mind who can look upon a group of youths and maidens, moving with light hearts and light feet through the giddy mazes of a dance, and stain the fair scene with thoughts of sense and sin. This removing of the landmarks of morality—this branding with moral reprobation acts which in themselves are not morally wrong—is never done without danger to the essential interests of morality itself. The truth is, that all these attempts on the part of men clothed with spiritual power, to suppress the innocent pleasures of life, are subtle manifestations of selfishness and love of power.—*Saratoga, N. Y. Republican.*

JAPAN—JUST SENTIMENTS.—The Washington *Union* remarks of our intercourse with the Japanese:

"A people who have been so long unknown, who have attained considerable distinction in arts and manufactures, who have evinced an exceedingly amiable disposition, are not to be measured by their ability to furnish profitable trade to our adventurous countrymen."

We much doubt whether any extensive commercial benefit will result from the new acquaintance which Europe and America will establish with Japan. That strange country seems, however, capable of teaching lessons of justice, peace, order and industry to both the others, by following which they would profit and become more elevated than they now are in the scale of morality. There seems to be a desire, on the part of some, to convert the Japanese to Christianity. This result would be very desirable if the Japanese could be made, all of them, Christians in "spirit and in truth." But if they are to be nominally so only, and as the price of such a religion have to sacrifice the virtues, which according to all accounts they now profess, it would be the part of humanity to forbear the experiment of planting Christianity among that people.—*Mo. Republican.*

NOBLE WORDS FROM BEECHER.—Henry Ward Beecher gives utterance to the following, in the *Independent:*

"If we see men of a heretical turn of practising Gospel virtues and charities, we shall certainly encourage and help them. For men do not derive the right to do good from the Thirty-nine Articles; nor need they go to the Westminster Confession for liberty to recover the intemperate, set free the bond, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, educate the ignorant, and give sleigh-rides to beggars' children that never before laughed and cuddled in a buffalo-robe! It seems to us a great deal better business for a Christian man to encourage men in well-doing than to punish them for wrong-thinking!"

"What a pitiful thing it is to see men, who have the chance of saying what they believe, who do say it two hundred times a year, who write it, sing it, speak it, and fight it; who, by all their social affinities, by all their life-work, by all positive and most solemn testimonies, are placed beyond misconception,—always nervous lest they should sit down with somebody, or speak with somebody, or touch somebody, and so lose an immaculate reputation for soundness! Therefore men peep out from their systems as prisoners in jail peep out of iron-barred windows, but dare not come out, for fear some sharp sheriff of the Faith should arrest them!"

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—J Giles, E S Seamans, S C Waters, "Calvert," B Blood Jr, A Kent, G W Snyder, N R Thatcher, C P Longley, W Penfield, J Adams, E Hall, "T," S Goodwin, Thatcher & Welling, G H Atwood, B Harrington, E Hance, D M Parnell, E W H Beck, R Frost, C B Bond, H J Thayer, Higgins Bros., G W Renwick, S W Hastings, L J Fuller, J C Frost, W M Bacon, G A Redman, D H Newhard, W C Dougherty, H Albertson, J C Bull, H P Fairfield, J S Loveland, A Miltenberger, W S Smart, C C Birge, H E Roush, O F Thornton, D Smith, W A Jones, J Ponton, S K Verrill, H B Whitman, J B Hastings, S W Pease, G Stearns (Yes.), F L Wadsworth, S S Lyon, A D March, N Hanson, H S Louchiem, H C Wright, A G Colby.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

SOCIAL LEVEE.—The First Independent Society (Spiritualists) of Chelsea, Mass., will hold their fifth annual Social Levee, on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 23d, in the City Hall, Chelsea. Speaking by friends of the cause, social amusements—instrumental music by Hall's Quintette and Concert Band. will occupy the evening until nine. Dancing after nine. Cars and boat leave Boston and Chelsea every half hour until 12. Tickets admitting gentleman and lady, $1; gentleman's single ticket, 75cts, Ladies' and children's single ticket, 25 cts.

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—J. S. Loveland, the first lecturer in behalf of Spiritualism in New England, proposes to enter the field and devote his energies anew to the defence and elucidation of Rational Spiritualism.

Address, care of Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass. N. B. A special lecture (where desired) upon the Exposers and Exposures of Spiritualism.

G. B. STEBBINS will speak in Ann Arbor, Mich., each Sunday, for three months from Feb. 6th, and will answer calls to lecture in the State each week.

E. S. WHEELER will speak at Waltham, Mass., Sunday, February 6th. Will be happy to answer calls from Norwich, Conn., where he may be addressed.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT will speak at the Town Hall in Milford, N. H., on the first Sunday in February at 11 and 1 o'clock. Per order of Committee.

N. FRANK WHITE may be addressed at Troy, N. Y., till further notice. He will answer calls to lecture on the route between that place and Chicago, Ill.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, having regained his health, will re-enter the lecturing field immediately. He will speak in Oswego, N. Y., the first Sunday in February. Friends West and South desiring his services will please address him early—till February 13th at Oswego, N. Y., care of J. Wood, Esq.

The Boston Editors of the AGE, A. E. NEWTON and LEWIS B. MUNSON, will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of the city.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, trance speaker and test medium, continues to answer calls for lectures. Address, Lowell, Mass. 2—tf

Dr. H. F. GARDNER will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston on week evenings. Address at the Fountain House.

JAMES H. HARRIS, impressional speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address Box 99, Abington, Mass. tf

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE'S engagements are—Feb. 6th, Marlboro, Mass.; Feb. 13th, Worcester, Mass.; Feb. 20th and 27th, Quincy, Mass.; Providence, R. I., March 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations in W. Bridgewater, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 8th and 9th; Raynham, Thursday and Friday, 10th and 11th; E. Taunton, Sunday 12th; Brittanniaville, Monday and Tuesday, 13th and 14th; Weir Village, Wednesday and Thursday, 15th and 16th; New Bedford, Sunday 20th; Wareham, Sunday 27th.

Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements, without further request?

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture during the month of February at Boston, Lynn, Lowell and Groveland, Mass.—[In this month Miss Hardinge is fully engaged.] In March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York. For the week days of these months she will receive applications to lecture. In May at Providence, R. I., and Worcester, Mass., Nashua, N. H., and other places week day evenings where her services may be needed; in June at Portland, Me. and Oswego, N. Y. Next Fall and Winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, as far as New Orleans, and requests applications for those districts to be addressed during the Spring and Summer to her residence, 194 Grand street, New York.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT NO 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock.

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TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

Persons who wish a guarantee will receive an answer to their letters, or the letter and money will be returned in *thirty days from its reception.* Change for guarantee, $3.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 29 tf

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 12 Eliot street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Miss R. T. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞ She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room 13 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. LIZZIE KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5: Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M or Medical Examinations, and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. for Manifestations, at No. 30 Eliot street. [Mrs. Bean is in New York for a few weeks.]

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REMOVAL!

DR. REDMAN has removed his office from 108 4th Avenue to 109 Bleeker street, where he will receive visitors and patients as usual. 6

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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The subscriber is happy to announce that he has engaged the services of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, of Boston, the celebrated clairvoyant and test-medium. Her "seances" will commence on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at the rooms for spiritual investigation, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, and will continue until further notice. Mrs. Hayden is widely and favorably known for her medium powers. It was through the instrumentality of this lady, while in England, that Robert Owen, and other distinguished men, became convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse. Mrs. H. is also clairvoyant for the examination of disease, in the exercise of which gift she has been eminently successful. Hours, from 9 A M to 6 P M, every day (Sundays excepted),

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Interesting Miscellany.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA OF OLD TIMES.

It would seem by the following from the Boston *News-Letter* of Dec. 19, 1745, that startling performances of a mysterious nature were a common trouble among those solid men —"our Pilgrim Fathers."

"The following Letter, containing the Account of an Occurrence of a very extraordinary Nature happening at Woodstock, was sent us by a Gentleman of undoubted Veracity.

WOODSTOCK, (Conn.) Dec. 6, 1745.

"Last Friday Night being the 29th of November, a surprising Scene of Preter-naturals opened at the House of Richard Davenport in the Town, viz. In the fore Part of the Evening some of the Family observed some small stones falling into the Dwelling-Room, at first they took but little Notice of them; but finding the stones cast in, increas'd in Number and in Bigness, and all this when the Doors and Windows were all closely shut, the Chamber Floor closely laid, and no Chasm any where thro' which stones could be conveyed; were struck with Fear, as well they might, at the View of such Effects: In this fright they called in some Neighbours, the stones still continued coming into the Room, flying in all Directions; most who belonged to the Family were struck with some of the stones, and some of the Neighbours, one especially had his Face considerably hurt: Some of the stones flew with force across the rooms, others fell down perpendicular, others had an oblique Direction; in a Word, they had every sort of Direction imaginable. In the latter Part of the Night I was call'd out of Bed to visit the distressed Family, I took two of my Neighbors with me, we came to the House about Break of Day, went into the haunted Room where the Family was and their Neighbours abovesaid; soon after I got in, sundry stones came in, some with more force and some less, one especially flew just over our Heads with much force, and struck the Wall; some droped right down on the Floor; some flew with moderate force between our Legs as we sate by the Fire; some fell gently into our Laps; others dropped upon our Arms; Those who were mostly hurt received it before I came to the House, none was much hurt while I was there.—I staid there near three hours; about half an hour before I came away there was some Mitigation as to the frequency of their coming, and the degree of force with which they came. While I was at the House I saw them Number the stones that had been cast in before I came in, which was 112 if I mistake not. As to the Number that came in while I was there, they were not counted, but I cannot guess less than 50—The stones were from a Pound weight and under, of all shapes and bigness. I have not been to the House since the Time abovesaid; but understand the same things have continued; and that some stones much larger than before have been cast into the Room as aforesaid. How it is at present I am unable to say, for I have heard Nothing this Day. As for the truth of this Information you may with abundant safety depend upon it.

I am &c., ——."

WISDOM IN LOVE-MAKING.

I know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion, decision, and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one. If a man stand before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is more than half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world, to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirit in you to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl, who in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. Don't get into a feverish longing for marriage. It is'nt creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, I say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have not the slightest idea what kind of a wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise. You can spend your time better. Seek the society of good men. That is often more accessible to you than the other, and it is through that mostly that you will find your way to good female society.—*Pemberton.*

Good Suggestions.

At an Association of School Teachers in New Jersey some excellent things were said. The practice of requiring children to fold their arms across their chest was condemned, as it tends to compress the chest and inclines the child to lean forward. As was well said, it is better to require the child to fold the arms behind the back, thus straightening the spine. Close-fitting dresses were also condemned. Right again. The dress should be so loose as to allow the body to move easily in it, and it to be freely moved about the body; so would injurious compression be avoided, and exhalation from the skin not be prevented by the clothing.

"Isn't it time you began to form Lottie's figure, Mrs. Mode?" asked a volatile young lady. "I am about fixing her dresses for that purpose," the mother replied. The *mother* —nature makes such mothers scarce!—the mother arrested nature's beautiful process of development, compressed her daughter's waist, and after "forming her figure" to waspish proportions, gloated with ignorant vanity on the ruin she had wrought. Nature designed Lottie a charming figure of captivating proportions; but the foolish mother thwarted the plan, and Lottie is a feeble, breathing deformity.

Mothers! rest assured that Nature's proportions in the human figure can not be improved by anything you can do; but they may be spoiled. Beware how you touch Nature!

BY CHANCE.

The venerable Mrs. Partington asked us the question once if we believed that every thing was foreordained beforehand in advance, and we were compelled to answer that sometimes we did and then again we didn't. Sometime since we were sitting looking over the morning papers, when the door opened and Mrs. P. stepped in. There was a smile on her face and the old green umbrella in her hand.

After welcoming her and requesting her to be seated, she said, "Well, it is all lubricated now; just as clear to me as crystial."

"What is?" we queried, a little puzzled to know what she meant.

"That about for ordination, you know, and chance, and all that, which we were talking about."

"Ah, yes, well, how was it?"

"Why I 'tended the lectur' last night—one of the eternity course."

"Fraternity," we suggested—"who spoke?"

"Oh Mr. what's his name—he that made the refrigerator, you know, for cooling 'em in winter—Emerson—T. P. Emerson."

"You mean R. W. Emerson," we hinted; "did he lecture on refrigerators?"

"Oh dear no, 'twas on chance; and sich a lectur'! I thought I'd heerd lecturs before, but that succeeded 'em all."

"Indeed!" we said somewhat interested, though there were eleven letters unopened on the table, "tell us about it."

"Well," she continued, "It was about Chance, and he is sich a queer man that you have to watch every word or you can't understand him. If you lose one word it's jest like a stitch broke in a seam made by some of the sewing machines, the work is good for nothing. Well he said that there was no sich thing as chance, and that everything was planned out beforehand. And to prove it he spoke of a ship on the sea, knocked about by the winds and waves, and showed, just as loosid as anything I ever saw, that she was not there by chance, or that she was, and I declare I don't know which."

The old lady reached down into her spacious pocket, and taking out the old Constitution and Guerriere handkerchief wiped her specs as though she still wished for more light, while Ike amused himself by trundling Lion round the room, by his two hind legs like a wheelbarrow.

A PARABLE.

At divine service Friar Albertus was very devout, and avoided wandering of mind by shutting his eyes. In the society of the brethren he was cheerful and pleasant, and drew upon himself the affections of all. So when he was let blood in the convent on one occasion, he set forth this parable among them, chiefly on account of a novice who was then present, and who was too wise in his own eyes, and presumed to intermeddle in that which did not concern him:

"There was a countryman," he said, "who hearing there was so much rest in Paradise, and so many delights, set out in quest of it, if perchance he could gain admittance. And when he had reached the gate, after some trouble, he found St. Peter and requested to be let in. Then St. Peter asked him if he could observe the laws of Paradise, and would keep them before him; and he said, 'yes,' if St. Peter would be good enough to tell him what they were. Then Peter told him that he had nothing else to do, except to hold his tongue. The countryman very gladly assented to these conditions, and was admitted; and as he was walking through Paradise he saw a man ploughing with two oxen, a lean and a fat one; and he allowed the fat ox to go on as he would but kept whipping and spurring the lean one. And running up to him, the countryman rebuked him; and straightway St. Peter appeared and would have expelled him, yet he spared him that time and told him to take warning for the future. And forthwith going a little further, the countryman saw a man carrying a long beam, with which he wanted to enter a house, but he always turned the beam across the door; and running up to him the countryman told him to turn one end of the beam forward. Again St. Peter appeared, and would have expelled him, but he spared him that time also. Going his way a third time, the countryman saw a man lopping trees in a wood, and he spared all the old and rotten trunks, but cut down the straightest, tallest, and greenest trees. And running by, he rebuked him. Then St. Peter appeared, and incontinently expelled him. For he wished, says the Chronicler, that inferiors should hold their superiors in respect on all occasions, saying, 'Far be it that familiarity should breed contempt.'"

Curious Prayer.

In the State of Ohio, there resided a family consisting of an old man by the name of Beaver, and his three sons, all of whom were hard "pets," who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious, though very eccentric minister, who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattle-snake, and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste.

On his arrival he found the young man very penitent and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, knelt down and prayed in this wise:

"Oh! Lord, we thank Thee for rattlesnakes; we thank Thee because a rattlesnake has bit him. We pray Thee, send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill; send one to bite Sam; and, Oh! Lord, send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

Insanity.

At the end of a long examination of a celebrated medical man, who had been called upon to establish the incompetency of a deceased testator to make a will, the witness unfortunately said that he believed "*all* persons were subject to temporary fits of insanity."

"And when they are in them?" asked the judge, "are they aware of their state."

"Certainly not, my lord," was the reply; "they believe all they do and say, even if nonsensical, to be perfectly right and proper."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Alderson, "then here have I taken no less than thirteen pages of notes of your evidence, and after all, *you* may be in a fit of temporary insanity, talking nonsense, and believing it to be true!"

BOOKS.—The greatest charm of books is, perhaps, that we see in them that other men have suffered as we have. Some souls we ever find who could have responded to all our agony, be it what it may. This, at least, robs misery of its loneliness.

It is the soul, not the body, that makes an enduring marriage.

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HOPE.

Sweet spirit, whose undying light,
Sheds o'er the future, howe'er dark,
One beam to cheer my aching sight—
Forsake not now my lonely bark.

The sea is rough, the sky is drear;
Wild blow the winter winds and chill;
No land, no heaven of rest is near,
And anxious fears my faint heart fill.

But lo! what faintly glimmering star
Shines trembling o'er the stormy deep,
And glancing from the depths afar
Lulls all my doubts and fears to sleep?

'Tis thy bright cheering smile, O Hope,
That beams athwart the cloudy sky,
And dares with tempest wild to cope,
To tell of help, of comfort nigh.

Now farewell grief, now farewell care,
For I'll despair not, weep not now;
Merrily life's frail bark I'll steer
While Hope sits smiling at the prow.

So dance we o'er the rough sea waves
Nor think we of the former gloom,
But of yon shores, which ocean laves
So soon to be our "own sweet home."

THE NOBLEMAN OF EARTH.

The truest nobleman of earth,
Is he who loves to be
The first companion of the good,
The hero of the free.
Who works undaunted for the poor,
Who sees no rank in names;
Whose hopes ascend to heaven in crowds,
As sparks fly up in flames!

Give me that nobleman of mind,
Who loves a noble cause;
The right of labor's sturdy sons,
And freedom's righteous laws!
The hater of each evil scheme,
A tyrant may advance;
A giant's strength about his heart,
Thoughts brilliant in his glance.

I love the nobleman of earth,
Who strives to bless the age;
And leaves a glory that is caught
On history's faithful page!
Whose name the millions love to lisp,
Truth's sure, unflinching guest,
Who shines in love as does the sun
In palace of the west!

He's deathless as the mighty skies,
When jewelled through with stars;
Could feel God's beauty in a blaze
Burst through the prison bars!
No mandate from the tyrant breaks
His spirit's upward bound;
While high on every liberal creed
His name is blazoned round!

And perjured kings may pass from earth,
Their pomp and lustre fade;
But nature's nobleman unclasps
The cruel laws they've made.
His worshipped monarch is his God,
He leaves a name behind,
Flushed with effulgence that reflects
His majesty of mind!

O Spirit Land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices and sounds of strife,
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

MRS. HEMANS.

He bids fair to grow wise, who has discovered that he is not so.

Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troups
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soul,
Conversed with us. SHIBLEY.

The river of God is full of water; but there is not one drop of it that takes its rise from earthly springs.

Dreams are rudiments
Of the great state to come. We dream what is
About to happen. BAILEY.

The barren fig-tree was not cursed because it bore bitter fruit, but because it bore no fruit.

But we are all men,
In our natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels. SHAKSPEARE.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joy.

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"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

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The subscriber has engaged the services of the celebrated Test Medium, Mr. C. H FOSTER, of Salem, Mass. In place of the large public circles recently held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, it is thought best to limit the number to about eight persons, at $1 each, as conditions are not apt to be as favorable in large promiscuous circles. The circles will be formed at 7 1-2 P. M. on the above evenings. For the day and evening circles for private investigation, besides Mr. Foster, other mediums of varied gifts are employed. Mediums will be in attendance from 9 A M to 1 P M and from 2 to 6 P M; also, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 7 1-2 to 10. 37—tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones St., New York.

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HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

☞ Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

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MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, (LATE OF LOCKPORT, N. Y.,)

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Correct Clairvoyant Examinations, with directions for home treatment, $5.

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WM. E. RICE, CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM AND PHYSICIAN,

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NATICK, Mass., Nov. 13th, 1858. 48 H. L. BOWKER.

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